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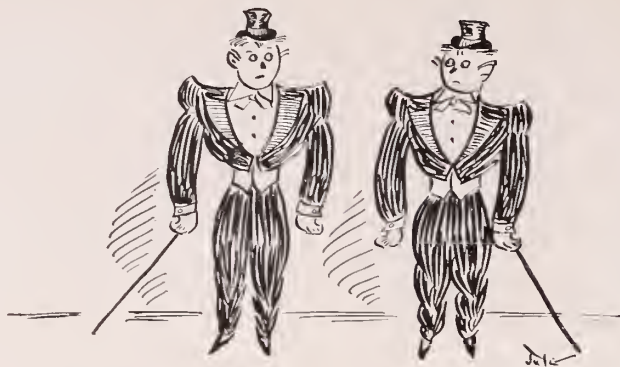
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JAMES J. ROCKLE



ON THE LEFT;

TWO OF THE LEHIGH GENTLEMEN ON

THEIR WAY TO:—

THE SENIOR BALL

THE SMARTEST DANCE OF THE YEAR

FEATURING

Don Bigelow and His Orchestra

OCTOBER 28 — \$3.00 a couple

TAYLOR GYM

10 TO 3

ATTENTION, YOU!

SCABBARD and BLADE SOCIETY

PRESENTS THE

MILITARY BALL

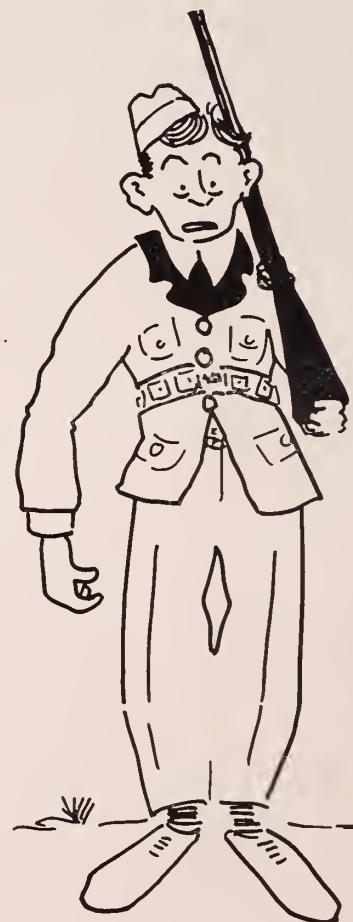
AFTER THE RUTGERS GAME

SATURDAY, NOV. 12 — 9 to 12

HOTEL BETHLEHEM

Couples — \$2

Stags — \$1



Okay Miss—!



Stalking bridge or alley street,
Physical charms, mentally weak,
One outfit neat, a painted freak,
Content in atmosphere of "Speak,"
Babe, just babe.

Local deb or snobbish date,
Dine and dance till hours late,
Appealing, smooth, platonic mate,
Remaining thus a casual rate,
Friend, just friend.

Queen of Ball, ah, radiant beauty,
Demanding pride, respect, and duty,
Sharing Love's unselfish booty,
Delicate, charming, vivacious beauty,
Sweetheart, just sweetheart.

THE LEHIGH BURR

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November, 1932

No. 2

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TO THE HOUSEPARTY GIRLS

Once a year is gallantly, though not soberly, dedicated this issue of Wee Burro to the inspiring, and yet the ruining, influence of our nation. We mean the Gals.

Big ones, little ones, clever, dull, gorgeous, plain, enticing, repulsive, we love you all. Because we cannot live with you, we go away to school; because we cannot live without you, we have house parties.

May your stay be a pleasant one, and may the events long remain with you as pleasant recollections. And to those unfortunates, or fortunates, depending upon your point of view, who were lost, strayed, or were stolen, or who never started for South Mountain, we offer consolation in these pages. Read on.

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323 So. New St., Bethlehem, Pa.
 (Opp. Lehigh Laundry)

Him—"I'm going to kiss you as
 you have never been kissed be-
 fore.

Her—"Oh yes I have."

—BURR—

POOR SCOTCH

Once upon a time, two Scotch-
 men were standing at a bar, each
 one waiting for the other to offer
 to buy the drinks. After a long,
 embarrassing pause the first
 Scotchman said to the second, "I
 want to tell you about a hunting
 experience I had in Africa last
 year. I was hunting lions one day
 and although I shot at many of
 them, I finally started back to
 camp empty handed and only one
 bullet left. I had not gone very
 far when I had a feeling that I
 was being followed. I started to
 run for camp but I soon discov-
 ered that a big lion was rapidly
 overtaking me. The only thing to
 do was to shoot it with the one
 bullet I had left. Standing per-
 fectly still, I waited until the lion
 sprang and then I shot him right
 between the yurs." "What's
 yurs?" said the second Scotch-
 man. "I'll take a whiskey and so-
 da, was the quick reply.

—BURR—

**Hey, Mable, do you permit that
 dink to wear his frosh in the
 house?**

—BURR—

Ever hear the new bridegroom
 song?

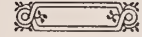
Well, what is it?

"Lord, You Made the Nightie
 Too Long."

That doesn't cover the situa-
 tion.

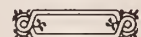
No?

Nowadays pajamas are kept
 under the pillow in case of fire!
 Oh!



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LAMENT

I loved you
 And you turned me down.
 You took away the moon
 To leave the darkness there.
 I desired you.
 But your reply was "NO."
 You found great glee in thinking
 You had me in your hand.
 I amused you
 When I offered you my all.
 To which you offered in return
 A laugh, and then the air.
 You thought
 You had hurt me, but no.
 Although you stole my very soul,
 It had happened oft before.

Pay for 1 Room . . . Live in 9!

Different.....individual.....thoroughly of New York.....utterly unlike any other mode of living, the Allerton Houses offer the ideal combination of home and club life.

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130 EAST 57th STREET
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 Rates — \$12 to \$22
 Luncheon, 50c; Dinner, 75c and \$1.00

The Greeks Had a Word For Them!

XZESPIO (born with wings)

Exhibit A. Mercury —

Exhibit B. Pegasus

In the best families (or any others for that matter) that doesn't happen nowadays. Hence the United States Air Corps offers some attractive inducements to you college students for whom it has built a \$10,000,000 institution at San Antonio, Texas, where they teach you to fly and while you are learning:

Pay you a salary of \$75.00 per month. Pay your living expenses.

Supply you (free of course) with snappy, tailor-made, sky blue uniforms.

Grant you the social and military privileges of potential officers.

Pay your traveling expenses from your home to the new field at San Antonio. 700 men are taken in each year. The course requires a year to complete and includes over 200 hours of solo flying. Those who stay in the full year are commissioned as Lieutenants in the Air Corps Reserve.

If you don't like the training you may resign at any time. For Example:

Should you stay three months and then resign you will receive \$225.00 cash, your round trip expenses from your home to San Antonio, and about 50 hours of solo flying.

The service and associations of the Air Corps gives its members a very real distinction and a very noticeable breadth and poise.

If you have applied and are ready to go, we have compiled information and tips giving you inside angles and dope that will be invaluable when you arrive at the field. If you haven't applied yet then by all means get our information. We tell you the entrance procedure and certain twist that make your getting in easier and quicker. The information written by men who have been thru the school covers all points from beginning to end that you are interested in knowing. This information cannot be obtained elsewhere; it is complete. Nothing else to buy. The price is \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. if you desire.

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The druggist had left his counter in charge of a youthful assistant. This young man being of a highly ingenious turn of mind, it was not without some inward trepidation that the druggist learned upon his return that the assistant had been confronted with the case of a man, who had failed to get the better of an argument with a steamroller.

"What on earth did you do?" gasped the druggist.

"Gave him nerve tonic," was the reply.

"Nerve tonic? What was that for, in the name of goodness?"

"Run down and depressed," answered the clerk.

—BURR—



"CAN YOU HOLD YOUR LIKKER, HIRAM?"
"YEAH! YOU GOT SOME YOU WANT HELD?"

—BURR—

A big league umpire's wife was telling her husband about a bridge game she had just attended. During one of the hands the colored maid accidentally knocked over the table spoiling the game. In a gruff voice the umpire replied, "Game called on account of darkness."

—BURR—

Pledge Manager — Take this trunk down the stairs.

Prize Frosh — What do you think I am? A mule.

Same as before—No, your ears are too big.



A Shelter for Students

When the Shelton opened (8 years ago) we began catering to college men and women. Gradually their patronage has increased; we feel safe in asserting that more students make the Shelton their New York home than at any club or other hotel. One reason for this is the free recreational features plus a desire to serve on the part of Shelton employees. Room from \$2.50 per day and \$50.00 per month upward.

Special Offer

Combination Dinner and Swim \$1.50—available to both women and men (suits free).

Club features (free to guests): Swimming pool; gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium; library and lounge rooms.

— ALSO —

Bowling; squash courts and cafeteria. Reasonable prices.

Apology Card

For inebricated Social Lions

(Mr.) (Mrs.)
regrets exceedingly his conduct on

..... at your

- () Dinner
- () Dance
- () Bridge party
- () House party

Please accept his humble apologies for breaches of etiquette checked in the following column:

- () Passing out
- () Destruction of furniture
- () Commenting on lousy party
- () Starting crap game
- () Kissing female guest
- () Indiscreet petting
- () Nausea
- () Belching
- () Singing 'Sweet Adeline'
- () Spiking punch
- () Undressing in front room
- () Refusing to go home
- () Spanking hostess
- () Complete loss of equilibrium.

—Caveman.



Editorial Ramblings....

(This brilliant expose of Lehighites is the brain-child of a certain co-ed, (name withheld by request) whose sojourns in and around Bethlehem have made her findings almost TOO authentic! Another "guest conductor" of this column will be on hand next month.)

With house-party nearly here we girls have taken a new lease on life and have come to realize that maybe after all life is not so terribly boring..... We still realize the extent of its complications however and are using every spare moment trying to decide just which bid to accept.....We are in much the same predicament as the three letter prep school boy who was bid by even more fraternities than that but who finally cast his lot with the boys in a certain house with a sun porch and a tricky fountain where the smaller fish get their room and board free.....The Chi Psi Lodge to you.....Bringing to mind the attractive aquatic spectacle in a bathtub in the Alpha Chi Rho house.....How do these lads take baths or don't they?..... Oh dear! and we thought the Alpha Chi Rho's were such nice boys..... We should have started at the top of the mountain and come down.....What we can't get over is the apparent paradox that the Theta Deltas are the very highest geographically.....Who mentioned morals?

.....Some very respectable people live in Hellertown but that's another matter..... By the way, this year they are having their house-party at home instead of the Hotel Bethlehem..... The Phi Delta Theta invitation lacks appeal because the most attractive boys (to us) are now proud (not what you think), possessors of sheep-skins..... We never knew any Betas at Lehigh but we never liked that song either.....Have you noticed that "in the brotherhood of Theta Delta Chi," fits in just as well..... Probably better.....The Chi Phi's are probably the most romantic souls in the entire university, all they need is one look at a girl to begin writing numberless passionate letters.....The boys of Phi Gamma Delta may not rate so well with the authorities, but are they ever popular with the women?.....Are you asking us?.....The good old Alpha Tau Omegas may not be having an actual house-party but you can be sure the Grass and Blanket Club will meet that weekend.....The Sigma Nu's seem to be very obliging youths but as they appear to be running this magazine, enough said.....The Delta Upsilon's and Sigma Chi's learned some very "squirrely" tricks during "rushing" season which we hope they don't pull on their house-party dates.....If a really important telephone call came, the D.U.'s would never admit you were there.....The Sigma Chi's would

(Please turn page)

(Continued from Page 7)

probably waylay you on your way out of some building and veritably kidnap you. We would feel unsafe going to the Theta Xi house, what with men apt to pull a Tarzan act through your window from the nearby trees. If we were greatly interested in astronomy (which we're not), we'd be sure to visit the Lambda Chi Alpha abode where the inmates seem to spend most of their time gazing at the stars through the rear windows with the lights out! They never seem to think of attending the football game or dances.

THINGS WE'D HATE TO MISS..... Sunday afternoon at the Sigma Nu house..... Tea dance at the Maennerchor..... The cute traffic cop on Broadway..... Oh yes, and the football game and prom..... THINGS WE COULD DO WITHOUT, HOUSE-PARTY OR ANY OTHER TIME..... The intoxicated Psi U.'s..... The Chi Psi talks on sex, guaranteed better than any available text book..... The freshmen who call us cute..... Houses off campus.....

THINGS WE HAVE YET TO SEE AT LEHIGH—A good looking man with a smooth car..... Or for that matter, a good looking man..... A good football team..... A football player who doesn't drink..... Why limit it to football?.....

Lehigh has, according to this department the most beautiful campus we've seen (Cornell not excepted), and the nicest house-parties..... After all that wouldn't it be just our luck to fall in love with a "guy from the dorms?"

—BURR—



A TOAST

Here's to the girl who has no cares,
Who hates her gin and never swears,
Who never smokes, or necks your Pal,
In the name of God, there ain't such a gal.

—BURR—

PREDICTIONS FOR HOUSEPARTIES:

The dance committee will consider a long list of famous orchestras and finally pick a cheap one that nobody has ever heard of.

312 fraters will borrow collar buttons from their roommate.

The usual amount of local stuff (South Side) will appear at the various functions with beaming freshmen.

We will lose the football game.

Fifteen couples will attend the Mustard and Cheese shows before the prom.

974 classes will be cut.

Thirty odd fraternity presidents will tell the Dean Monday that the houseparties were the driest and least expensive ever.

The financial report of the prom committee will show a profit of \$1.59.

Several seniors will drive their car into Dr. Richards front yard and be expelled.

Seven freshmen will take their dates to church on Sunday morning.

Forty-four inebriated gentlemen from fraternities having no houseparties will appear at closed house dances because a girl from their home town is there.

Everybody will be damn glad when the whole thing is over.

THE LADIES

By Norman "Rudyard" Alper

with admiration and apologies to Rudyard Kipling

Oh, I've taken m'fun where I've found it
 I've beered and I've ginned in m'time
 I've 'ad m'dates with the wenches
 And some of them were a crime
 One was a South Side widow
 One was a dime store belle
 One was the sap of a family tree
 And one was a bat out of hell

I was a young 'un at Lehigh
 Shy as a girl to begin
 Kitty the Polack she made me
 And Kitty was chock full of gin
 Older than me and my first date
 "Rushing" dance hostess she were
 When she gave me a pin,
 I thought **that** was a sin.
 And I learned about women from her.

Second year man and a smart 'un
 I thought that I knew all
 Met up with a pretty young Dutcher
 At Mealey's, an Allentown ball
 Showed me the barrooms and beer-dives
 Showed me Joe's, Mooches' and such
 But she left me one night
 Though I swear she was tight
 And I learned about women from her.

Junior year, now I'm a "smoothie"
 I had been all through the mill
 Met up with a widow named Mabel
 Last name's like taking a pill
 Swore that she loved me forever
 Said I was hers evermore
 But I've not seen the dame
 Since she learned my right name
 And I learned about women from her.

Then I met up with my last one
 Last one in my college life
 Dumber than dumb but good looking
 I took her soon as m'wife
 She could do naught by play "Contract"
 Couldn't cook, wash dishes nor sew
 Thus I'm stuck with a wife
 For the rest of m'life
 And I learned about women from her.

THE SAGA OF CEDAR CHEST

And so the local lads went to see what the Good Lord had provided in the Cedar Chest—and lo and behold there were women,—oh what women! There were blondes, brunettes, redheads, and those with all three colors—at different times (thanks to the inventor of peroxide, etc.). And so our local heroes said among themselves, "We'll have a house party and invite these femmes which the Good Lord hath provided (since to invite home-town girls would be untactful). And this my deah reedahs is how the Cedar Chest lassies have managed to snake so many dates for H. P.—Amen.

—BURR—



IS MY FACE RED?

He: How was the date that you had with the gal from the notions counter at the five-and-ten?

Him: Great,—and did she give me notions!

—BURR—

He: (trying to chisel at prom) I'm sorry, but I didn't get your name when we were introduced.

She: Isn't that queer, especially since we weren't introduced!

—BURR—

HOUSE PARTY DITTY

I thought you were divine, my dear,
But only for a while;
'Cause when my heart did bleed for you,
All I could do was smile.

—BURR—



Is Lehigh co-ed? Why no, but we do have the Chi Psi fraternity.



GIVE ME THE DELTA PHI PHONE NUMBER,
DEAR, OR MOTHER WON'T BRING YOU
ANY GIN!

—BURR—

AN INTERESTING DIARY

October 21. First there came Grace this morning to display her charms before me. She is really beautiful. I think I shall be able to find something to do with that girl. She does not interest me greatly however.

No sooner had she left when in dropped Peggy and almost cried on my shoulder. She being just that kind, I was sick of her baby act; consequently I was rid of her very shortly. She was followed by those gorgeous twins who hail from Cedar Crest, willing to go for me individually or together. I like those gals but I can't do anything with two. Even my secretary approached me today for a position amongst my selected few. I have to put her in her place usually at least once a week.

The afternoon was a nightmare. I ran out of excuses trying to avoid interviews (or should I say interludes) with Louise, Eleanor, Beatrice, Trix, Lily, Babe, and several others not worth mentioning. They just refuse to let me alone no matter how often I give them the "solong." Dodging these women is my greatest worry.

Ah well! Such is the life of a casting director.

What The Greats Are Saying:

(NOT AUTHENTIC, BUT IT MIGHT BE)

G. B. CURTIS:

(Our old friend,
the registrar.)

"Heh, heh! So you thought you'd get away with that old sinus gag. And houseparty week-end, too. Heh, heh; the nerve! Heh, heh—heh."

AUSTIN TATE:

(Coach of Football)

"Keep chaagin'; keep chaagin'."

DR. CAROTHERS:

(that noted economist)

"I can definitely prove by statistics that students who entertain young ladies during houseparty week-end get lower grades than those who do not. And furthermore, you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa, blaa,——"

C. N. CRICHTON:

(Manager of Football)

"We ought to have a good track team this year."

MR. MAHONEY:

(the towel dispenser)

"Hey you! Wadda you want? Get outa here, you dumbhead! Grrrr, grrrrr!"

M. REED:

(Editor,
Brown and White;
Frown and Bite)

"What we need is more cooperation. Whether it will do any good or not will be proven by results. Let's take a poll. Yes, let's take a poll. Let's poll the students; let's poll the faculty; let's poll the town; let's poll, let's poll, let's poll,——"

M. GHANDI:

(the faster)

"H'm, it's getting chilly."

G. MARX:

(the funnyman)

"What this country needs is a five-cent box of cigars; a box of cigars costing five cents. Yes, indeed, we need it—sure we do; just ask me! Or ask yourself; ask anyone. Of course."

P. J. FLANIGAN:

(Prom chairman)

"The Senior Prom this year will feature one of the outstanding orchestras in the country and will be enjoyed by more happy couples than ever before."

MRS. JOHN FUGARD, JR.:

"It was great while it lasted."

Looking Around

WITH WALTER WINDSHIELD

Ah! women, women,—what a blessing!

* * *

Heard recently that one of the Valley's numerous and sundry Agnes's is sporting a new car, the ownership of which seems rather doubtful. Maybe she took first payment on the bus instead of a few beers.

* * *

All because a certain Review editor persists in making unkind remarks about good ole Burro both in speeches and in the local sheet (Rah! rah!), the Burr has decided to personally boycott said offender by not sending him our extra material, so he's able to fill up Lehigh's contribution to the literary world.

* * *

An Allentown deb of years and years ago rides around Sunday afternoon in a big Packard phaeton, supposed to be the gift of the boys "in the know" to her brother. Wouldn't mind being in the racket myself when phaetons are being passed around, especially if you're just told to act dumb. Easy!

* * *

The awnings on the Tau Delta Phi boarding house that have caused such excitement on dignified and moth-eaten Delaware Avenue were described by the bros. as "neat but not gaudy." Of course, one expects such lack of artistic sense in engineers, but the T. D.'s are supposed to represent the cream (skim milk anyhow) of the block.

* * *

The wife of a barber snips off from the home fireplace so often that it has become necessary for her to acquire aliases. The name "Rose," not being particularly glamorous, was discarded for the more heat-inducing handles as: Joan, Constance (ah! the Bennett sisters), Billie, and a multitude of others. If this particular femme wanted to really add to her L. A. (Lehigh Appeal) she should use her maiden name, which would be more in line with what Lehigh is accustomed to.

* * *

The poor Theta Xi's felt badly hurt when they were omitted from our Rushing Guide of last month. However, since they only go in for mid- and second-semester rushing ("all the best men are passed up by the other houses"! we can add our views on the house with the \$10,000 (minus depreciation) ball room. Freshmen! take heed! here's a house that,

in spite of its fine trappings, is a veritable monster where beer is concerned.

* * *

Ann R., well-known Lehigh supporter and party-blender, admits with becoming modesty that she knows at least five fraters in every house in school. (Burr staff included). So far, her list hasn't covered Moravian and Muhlenberg so completely, but give the gal time.

* * *

Did you ever notice that the "tripe" of ginches that persistently vow they never walk the bridge are just the ones that may be seen most any Friday or Saturday night?

* * *



The notion counter at Hess Brother's has become a popular place for certain hill-billies, presumably over ther to study methods of scientific industrial management. Heaven help that poor working gal!

* * *

A friend from Broad street reports that one of the former bright lights of the Avenue is now spending her days in a sanatorium. Well can most of Lehigh recall when the lady in question was accused of B.O., Athlete's Brain, and Hoof-and-Mouth disease, so imagine the disappointment when it only turns out to be T. B.

* * *

An officer in the Student Organization at Cedar Crest is compelled by her sacred duty to listen at keyholes and smell the gal's breaths when they return from their respective Lehigh dates. Such unpopularity must be deserved!

* * *

Messrs. (Theta Xi) Cooper, (Don Juan) McElwain, (Full Nelson) Beidler, (Organizer) Brumbach and (Really an Engineer) Simcoe find Lehigh's politics too tame, hence they go in for "Electioneering" at the "Club." Too bad O. D. K. doesn't give points for that.



—The Notre Dame Juggler.

THREE OF A KIND

BY MARTIN REED

(An Enticing Novelette Complete in This Issue, pertinent to Love, Likker, Romance, and Other Major Issues of the Day)

Certain importunities are bound to harass the injudicious profligate who goes berserk and with indiscreet magnanimity invites three different, though equally charming, young maidens to attend one and the same houseparty as his guests. Even though this big business man has come to be known as "Snake" because of an inimitable style with members of the bare sex, he still has much to disturb his classroom slumbers when all three recipients of the sumptuous summons surrender unconditionally and decide to start individual treks towards the college town at approximately the same time.

It had been momentarily embarrassing, if not too difficult, to change the plans of the as yet uninitiated boarding school sweet who had taken advantage of Snake's inherent weakness for naive little persons and an otherwise dull summer season at a quiet Maine resort, to wangle an enthusiastic, at the time, invitation to come down to the alma mater and spend a big week-end in a large way.

A well executed coup had removed that small schemer from further consideration in the almost national competition for Snake's personal all-houseparty team. It had merely taken a week-end, a fraternity brother's car, a pint of rye, and a little good judgment as to inopportune times and places, to have this small dose of arsenic effectively campussed for the rest of October. It was with a feeling of

righteousness, that he had hoisted the unsteady maid through a large window and, then, calmly but with a terrific din crashed the then empty bottle through the windowpane at an hour when all sober and self-respecting boarding school misses are supposed to be taking setting-up exercises.

The other two candidates had been more difficult—so difficult, in fact, that as Snake stood on the station platform awaiting the arrival of the Philadelphia Indian summer princess, he was slowly but competently resurrecting his entire vocabulary of doubtful words and phrases. Skids Gedmore who waited with him, appeared not all impressed. It had taken eloquent appeals, passionate entreaties, and unqualified recommendations to convince him that it might be to his own best interests to take this Quaker City lass off Snake's hands. Once having assumed a responsibility, Skid was not the man to be nonplussed by the off-color remarks of a fraternity brother who for the past few weeks had given every indication of imminent mental derangement.

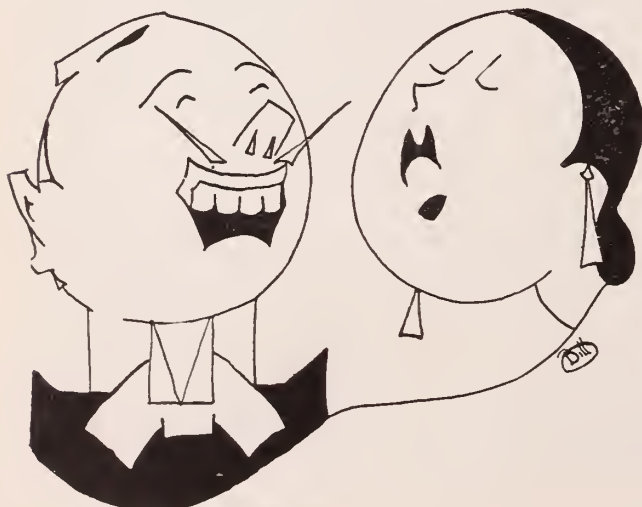
The train, panting into the station, emitted a volume of groans and shrieks which rudely interrupted Snake's verbal pyrotechnics. Soon a trim, blonde person literally burst forth from a Pullman and dashed to meet the irate Snake with extended hands and a dazzling smile.

"Gosh, but it's good to see you, Fred." Mercenary little liar. No use arguing, though; better to worry along silently.

"The sentiment's mutual, Pat. You're looking great. How's everything down home way? But, oh, wait. Meet my pal and your date, Skids Gedmore, a silent and noble character but with plenty of what it takes—a well stocked closet. Pat Elder, Skids Gedmore. Be democratic while I get the luggage in the back of the car."

Practically the same lines he had used less than an hour ago when he had taken Gin Ginworthy to meet the New York train and the other of his two female proteges. Well, he hadn't hired himself out as the village wit; let them do their own clowning. He was going to have plenty to do keeping members of his personal contingent apart.

(Page 26, Please!)



SNAKE SHOWS HIS TEETH



“You’re telling ME they’re Milder?”

IF YOUR cigarette is mild—that is, not strong, not bitter, but smokes cool and smooth—then you like it.

If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma — then you enjoy it the more.

Everything known to Science is used to make Chesterfield Cigarettes milder and taste better.

The right kinds of leaf tobacco—American and Turkish—are blended and cross-blended. That’s why “They Satisfy.”



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LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.



WILL YOU GIVE ME A PENNY TO
COME ACROSS?

BETHLEHEM UPSIDE DOWN

Petite Betty Fitzmaurice, the toast of her sorority house—Delta Tau Beta—walked snappily through the snappy night air and into her snappy new red roadster (please, Professor Smith, don't snap at the repetition). She was a lovely thing—charming fantastical headlights, meshed gears, and automatic clutch; she was well stream-lined with a slightly under-slung body—all these delightful accessories plus her floating power and quick pick-up—made Becky's Isotta the talk of the town, boys.... Beck was pretty too—fantastical, charming, headlights, mesh bag, and passionate clutch; she too was well stream-lined with slightly under-slung chassis. All these entrancing accessories plus her power of attraction and quick pick-up made Becky the talk of the town—boys—(well, Mother always told me that birds of a feather fly high together). (I could make some crack like—Isotta arrow at the bird but this isn't the Lafayette Lyre, and anyway I had nothing to do with this bird). This exotic creature took a deft glance in the auto's tiny mirror (she saw easily for she had a small head for such a big rep) as she softly hummed her beloved Alma Mater "In the

Bosom of Old North Valley." Now she saw how beautiful she was! Now she was ready to start off on an escapade that would go down in Lehigh's criminal annals—but where to go? Had she not called all the boys in town to no avail? Becky was desperate! She dreamed of tender Venetian nights—so off she flew to Bethlehem—"the Venice of Northampton County"—she saw the Grand Canal in the near distance and at last she came upon the Bridge of Sighs (52.50 or fight). Beck was only a freshman, but already she had heard of that meany, Ted Traffic, who had forbidden the boys to come across after the bridge was completed. What was she to do? She saw many boys walking along arm in arm, each and every one fair enough but nothing like a Venetian gondolier. Mr. Fitzmaurice's lil girl sped over the most famous piece of construction work in the city (Marshall-McClintic, Lehigh '98 and '99), in order to size up the situation. Then she parked her car when she saw a real cutie, clad in red, softly smiling at her. Beck's heart gave a bound; and a mounted policeman bound in the same direction foresaw her feline motive. He saved her the trouble of paying the exorbitant fine!

That ended the story. Beck merely paid 36.30 on circumstantial evidence and stealthily stepped out of the den of lions and into the frying pan—the Delta Tau Beta house. But Beck would not be fried; she would not tell her sisters of her shame. Up the stairs and into the bedroom.....into pajamas and up to the double-decker. Beck was very restless that night. Her mind seemed to spin to the tune of "R. Vallee's famous anthem — "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries."

— THE END —

MORAL—Little girls, don't fret, don't cry, there will be another bridge built bye and bye.

—BURR—

Frosh—"My thoughts are my companions."

Soph—"Oh, then you're alone most of the time?"

—BURR—

Mother—"Now, do you know where bad little girl go?"

Dorothy—"Oh yes—they go about everywhere."

—BURR—

Phi Gam (wanting a loan)—Do you remember the old saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed?"

The other Phi Gam—Yes, stranger.

PROHIBITION IN THE HOME

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my home cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink; so I proceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle, except one glass which I devoured.

I pulled the cork from the third sink and poured the bottle down the glass when I drank some.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the sink down the rest.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but the sink which I drank.

I pulled the next cork from my throat, poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles which were twenty-four; so I counted them again when they came around again and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came around I counted them and finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles but I could not get the brush in the bottles, so I turned them inside out and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did, and "Oh Boy" I've got the wifest little nice in the world.

—BURR—

Fair co-ed (at garage)—Do you charge batteries here?

Proprietor—Yes, Miss.

Fair Co-ed—Then put a new one in this car and charge it to Dad.

—BURR—

1st unemployed—How did you happen to lose your last job?

2nd unemployed—Through hard luck. For ten years I was second assistant toast scraper at the hotel Richmore, and then they had to go and install automatic toasters.

George—"Last night I met a girl who had never been kissed."

Bill—"Impossible! I should like to meet her."

George—"But she doesn't exist—now."

—BURR—

"My husband is merely a manufacturer of waste baskets," sighed the woman with aspirations. "It seems such a prosy occupation."

"On the contrary, there is really much poetry in waste baskets," replied the unappreciated poet.

—BURR—

The wife was working out a cross-word puzzle. Suddenly she turned to her husband and asked:

"What is a female sheep?"

"Ewe," he replied.

And that started the unpleasantness that spoiled the whole evening.

—BURR—

Betty Goldust—"Did you have a satisfactory interview with papa?"

Jack Brokely—"Not very; he said all he could give us was his consent."



Ditto: I hear that Jack married that rich society heiress that he was running around with.

" : What was the matter? Couldn't he find a job?



THE AFTERNOON TEASE!

A gold digger had died and all her possessions, including a parrot, were being auctioned off.

"What am I offered for this beautiful bird?" cried the auctioneer.

"One dollar," offered a bystander.

"Two," roared another.

"Make it five, daddy," chimed in the parrot, "and I'll give you a kiss."

—BURR—

"And how did you spend your month's vacation?"

"Well, I spent the first two weeks trying to look as if I were just going away and the last two weeks trying to look as if I had just gotten back."

—BURR—

Honey—That boy you were riding with has trouble with his vision.

Ruth—Yeah, he sees parking spots before his eyes.

DID'JA EVER

Did'ja ever
Decide
To write a
"Did'ja Ever"
For
The "Houseparty Issue"
So ya went into
Executive conference
With yourself,
An' asked yourself why;
An' ya asked
All your friends
For ideas,
An' went through
A pile of
Back issues;
An' read a lot
Of other college comics
Just as lousy
As your own;
An' finally
When ya had a lot of
Dern good ideas an' plans,
Ya decided not to write
A "Did'ja Ever"
Did'ja ever?



Pastor: Why aren't you coming to church any more, my young man?

Student: Oh, the choir is terrible.

Pastor: Well, what do you expect for a dime—a Russian ballet?

—BURR—

You say she gave him a break?

Did she! He's been broke ever since he knew her!

—BURR—

I just made a million berries.

How'd you do it?

Synthetic methods, son: synthetic methods!

This Might Be a Sports Review

RETROSPECTION

If you remember correctly, we prophesied last month that Lehigh was going to have another mediocre football team this year. So far our prediction is correct. However we never dreamt that toes were going to play such an important part both in the offense and defense of Austy Tate's team.

To be more explicit, where would Lehigh be without the mighty toes of Matt Suvalsky and Charley Halsted? However, there is one hitch. Matt although he is a very fine place-kicker can't kick from the 50-yard line or thereabouts. Some day he has hopes of getting a chance to get near enough to boot the ball between the uprights again. Halsted seems to punt better when he is under fire. That is one reason why he has been kicking so well all season. Once or twice the line held and he didn't do so well.

Each Saturday sees an improvement. The team, in spite of numerous injuries, is developing slowly. In the first few games the whole squad appeared listless but lately Tate seems to have instilled some fight into them. Once the team gets a lead, the boys seem to let down on their offense and just naturally fall into a defensive team.

At this stage of the game, it looks as if this year's team is no exception to past teams in so far as the defense is concerned. With Halsted's toe and a good line which is invincible from tackle to tackle, we seem pretty well fixed, at least against a running attack. But we hope that we do not meet any more good passing teams. The offense is weak but seems to be getting more powerful in each game.

Taking everything into consideration, this year's team is going to be better than the one we had last year. No predictions as to how many victories or the like. It is too dangerous. But remember folks, we have a few reserves this fall.

THESE AQUATIC STARS

Summer memories have been left far behind and winter sports have not as yet been thought of, but it might be well to mention a few things that a couple of fella's did last summer with the mermaids.

Johnny Fritz, well known swimming star of Reading, splashed to victory in three events in an A.A.U. meet held in his home last August. Johnny not only

scored three blanket victories but also broke three Berks county records. "Our boy John" scored in the 100-yard free style, 220-yard swim and the half mile.

And more astounding was the third place of Carroll Kring, erstwhile sophomore, in the National junior diving championships at Lake Placid, also held in the torrid month of August. The "divin" in this meet was done from the ten-foot board.

If this keeps up it looks as if our old pal Peter Morrissey will have something to smile about when it comes time for "us boys" to play with the mermaids.

WATCH THE HILL AND DALERS

It looks as if Morris Kanaly, camper and track coach, is going to have the honor of coaching the first Lehigh team of this year to have an undefeated season. The harriers look "swell" and if nothing happens they should follow in the steps of their big brothers, the cinderpath artists who were undefeated last year.

The men have been handicapped somewhat by the illness of Morris and his notebook (who by the way are functioning now) but Lee Chandler last year's captain now with B. U. (Bethlehem Unemployed) has been coaching them.

Wild Bill Jurden, erstwhile miner from Montana, who thinks he knows a gold digger when he sees "it," is this year's captain. Bill will not be able to run in the first meet because of a toe injury but after that watch him go. Phil Rorty, the trotting expert from Goshen, "Lovesick" Bill Warren, and that good old southern gentleman from Alabama, Bill Lathrop, are the other letter men available. Chandler is the only veteran missing.

Besides these "vets," there is an "umptime" quantity of other material. Dave Gordon, Curt Bayer, sophomores, and MacPhee, Scotchman transfer from Harvard, have good chances to make the team. And another newcomer who shows promise is Al Van Deusen, a former boilermaker from Purdue.

As a rule it is not safe to make predictions but this time it will be Ursinus, Haverford, and Lafayette who will fall before or rather after the Lehigh

(Please turn to Page 30)

GOLDYLOCKS AND THE THREE BEERS

Goldylocks McFeetish, descendant of a long line of McFeetishes, was making her slow and weary way through the woods on a dreamy afternoon. She had just left the Maennerchor after a strenuous bout with three powerful, prohibition beers. Naturally, after this trying experience, she was having a rather hard time sticking to the straight and narrow, for the terra firma seemed to be in convulsions. While trying assiduously to control her feet, she was beset by a rogueish looking individual, who dropped from a tree into her path. Goldylocks, taken aback at the sudden turn of events, let out several round oaths in that quaint language of the Pennsylvania Dutch. After gathering her wits together (for they had been strewn about her in a most nondescript manner) she asked the stranger whither he was bound.

"I'm abound amidships," he replied, "and, by gad, I'll have no young wench make merry with me."

"But," Goldylocks retorted, quick as a flash, "I'm not trying to make Mary; that's entirely up to you."

"Well," said Mahatma Ghandi, for it was no other, "in that case we had better scare up a fourth for bridge and make a night of it, for, after all, we are young but once."

So saying, he picked up the shy young thing by the scruff of her neck and began to call for help, for he had been swimming since early that morning and was fast losing strength. A life guard on the nearby beach, hearing his call, sent out the reserves, who had played the day before, and, as a result, were quite incapable of doing anything.

Finally, however, Goldylocks and her hero found their way to the headwaters of the Amazon, where they married and lived happily ever after.

—BURR—

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"But you oughter see the date I'm bringing."

"Yes, this is nice, but what a wonderful time I had at a Princeton house party last week."

"And I would just love a corsage of gardenias."

"This is really good, and I can get it for you at two bits a fifth."

"Now dear, let's not act childish."

"Pay you Friday, just before the prom."

"Of course I still love you, dear, but I don't allow boys to kiss me."

AIN'T IT A AWFUL FEELIN'?

When everything looks rosy
And the moon is up above,
You put your arm around her
And think "It must be love."
You cuddle up so closely
And try to find romance.
She says "O John, let's dance."
Ain't it a awful feelin'?

When at last you've found the girl
And you find it simply grand,
The world is at its best when
She offers you her hand.

You're sure you have her in control—
You think that she's a wow.
And then, O damn, she says, "Not now!"
Ain't it a awful feelin'?

The prom you've found to be quite fair,
The house dance very good.
That she could try a little more
You want understood.
You try to make her understand
The scene is just complete.
Blase then says "I need some sleep."
Ain't it a awful feelin'?

—BURR—

In grandmas's day, sl'ps would pass in the night;
but in granddaughter's day slips are passe,—at all times.

—BURR—

He came down to breakfast and met an inquiring wife.

"Henry," she said meaningly, "didn't I hear the clock in the hall strike two o'clock just as you came home last night?"

"You did, my dear," he calmly replied.

"Then—" she commenced.

"One moment, my dear," he interrupted; "just as I returned last night the clock was about to strike eleven, but I stopped it so it wouldn't awake you."



*You are the heart of the Great White Way,
The pulse of its every beat;
The joyous throngs at the close of day
Are ruled by your rhythmic feet.*

*It seemed the blood red splendor,
Hanging low in the eastern sky,
Was held by the spell of your beauty
That morn as you bid me good-bye.*



It seems that styles in the types of dates change also. During this Depression the trend is toward the home-loving type.

—BURR—

Lehigh University,
Sunday Morning.

Dear Dad:

Life's a bugger. Please send me fifty two-fifty.

Your Dutiful Son.

—BURR—

BLASE

The beautiful but shy butterfly was sitting on a twig of Wistaria when the buzzing bumble-bee first observed her. Here starts our story, gentle reader:

Infatuated by the grandeur of the beautiful but shy butterfly, the buzzing bumble-bee, having determined to show off his wares, buzzed by her in all his elegance. If the butterfly thrilled to his physique she failed to show it as she remained unconcerned and still untouched (?). But brave and bold like a knight of old, the buzzing bee accosted her.

"Why do I not bother you as you bother me, Oh! fairest of the fair?"

"Don't be silly," answered the beautiful butterfly, "I am the daughter of the most beautiful of all insects while you are only a son of a bee."

A SCENE

Photographer: McCaa.

Director: Fred Trafford.

Cast: Le High Stude Gents, Debt You Tanz, from all over the world.

Setting: Ratskeller Maennerchor Smoke-filled drinking room, ringing with music from a beer warped piano.

Scene opens with a houseparty couple carrying on an intelligent conversation.

Stude: (well learned) "Zwie beer, Wilhelm."

Wilhelm: "Vie Hanks."

Stude: (rushing with two beers slopping on his shoes to the table where his better half is seated smoking like a newly fried sausage.)

"Pardon please, Oh! sorry."

Another Stude: (wiping dripping beer off his trousers) "Well, that makes the fifth beer you had on me this evening."

Debt...: "Well at last." (taking beer in hand and mouth) "I thought for a while I was in the bread line."

Stude: (looking at somebody elses mademoiselle) "Why look who's there! Miss Angona Belch. Gosh she has changed; I remember when she did nothing but go to dogshows and W. C. T. U. meetings with her mother.

Debt...: (blowing smoke in her boy friends face) "Haven't you heard? Why her father lost his position, and now they're as poor as a Campus Cop."

Stude: (pushing dress shirt back in place) "Why what position did her father hold?"

Debt...: (smiling from ear to ear with beer moistened lips) "He was a flagpole sitter."

Stude: (not realizing the joke was over) "What has that got to do with his financial affairs?"

Debt...: (quick witted, and trying to pull a fast one) "Well he lost his balance didn't he."

Stude: (getting up from his chair again spilling somebody else's beer) "Pardon me while I talk to a friend" ???

—BURR—



WHAT? AGAIN??

A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway carriage when a frowsy-looking fellow entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started the lady, perceiving that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward, she said: "I ought to tell you, my girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps—"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man, "I'm committing suicide at the 1st tunnel anyway."

—BURR—

MY CHERCE

Now some gals has yeller hair and others brown or red,

But the one who catches my fancy is one with a dark little head.

You know the gal I mean, there can't be any doubt. No? Then go to Kelly's dance saloon, S'where she hangs out.

Just ask for Lucy O'Brien—and watch her step me lad,

For if yuh start to monkey with me, you are in bad. That gal takes nuttin from nobody, see, and take a tip on that.

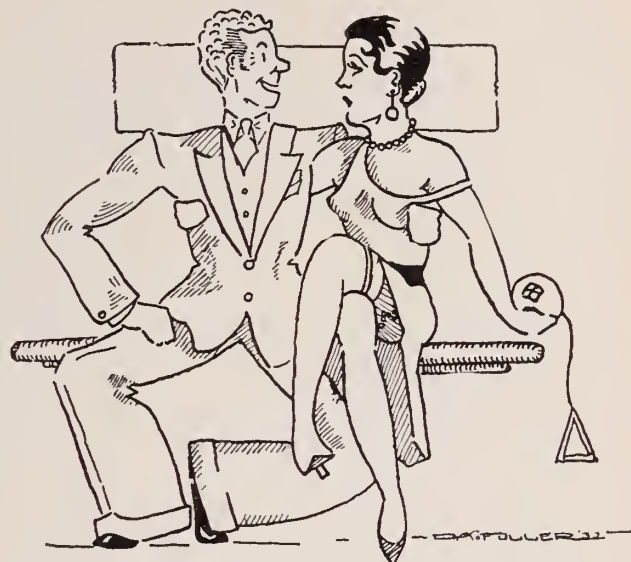
As soon as she makes enough money, she'll quit and keep my flat.

S'Help Me.

—BURR—



WHAT THE SMART YOUNG
FRESHMEN WILL WEAR



"Want to take a chance on an automobile? Only a dollar."

"But I don't want an automobile, young man."

"That's all right. Maybe you won't win it."

—BURR—

From the Phila. Inquirer, Sept. 1, 1932. Article on caves of Pennsylvania.

"Lost Cave is another good one. It is only four miles from Lehigh University. Maybe that is where a Brown and White football team goes to hide in shame after it has lost a titanic battle to Lafayette on the gridiron.

That would be better at any rate than the custom at some colleges of drowning sorrows in a speak-easy."

Our course of action this year is plain. We'll remove our beds from the cave, throw in a little straw and a couple of shovels and pitchforks, and rent it to the Lafayette Football Corporation.

And all you faculty members notice that even the people of Philadelphia know that there is no drinking at Lehigh. "Whose dirty laugh was that? Ah there, G. B., reading over my shoulder again, eh?"

—BURR—

Our sympathy goes out to the undertaker who couldn't hold his bier.

FROWN AND BITE

Vol. 6,234,977—No. 0.

ZILCHUARY 4, 1776

Page— -- or — 1

Flehigh Students Dance 14,986 Miles With Local Girls

**Prof. T. B. Wort Uses Two
Partial in Computation**

**Faculty Member Links
Reputation With Einstein**

Advance information of the statistics collected during the past month by the publishers of the Pain Almanac, indicate that by May 15 Flehigh students will have danced a total of 14,986 man miles with local females. The actual data upon which this prognostication has been based was collected through the facilities of Prof. T. Bessel Wort.

Professor Wort, when interviewed, declined to comment at length upon his method of determining this figure. He maintained that the process was quite simple despite the fact that it was devised by him. Reporters learned that it involved only the third and fourth partials, with respect to this and that, of the line integral of the path of each dancer between the limits of his endurance.

Wort implied that the actual substitution in this formula devised by himself was done by Mr. Z. Cutlet, of his department. He explained with customary modesty, that while he and Einstein alone were capable of handling theoretical mathematics, the practical applications of their theories were safer with more stolid students.

Cutlet himself, assured a Frown and Bite reporter that the application of Wort's formula had been fairly simple.

The experiences of various members of the Math. department while gathering data for Professor Wort were most interesting, but will not appear in a future issue of this paper.

**Doctor W. Fluke Will Open
University Lecture Series**

Dr. W. Fluke will open a series of university lectures Monday night when he will read a paper entitled, "Finding Our Way Through The Twentieth Century." The paper, a Frown and Bite reporter learned, is to be a treatment of the luminous intensity of oil burning student lamps. In an open forum preceeding the lecture, Fluke will speak at considerable length deploring the lack of subsidized football at Flehigh, and a general tendency on the part of the college to over-emphasize academic achievement. The lecture will be profusely illustrated with maps and charts.

**Arcadia Considers Plan
For Earlier Chapel Hour**

Ed Steal, secretary of Arcadia, revealed today that that body at a special session had considered a plan to advance the hour of Chapel to 6:45 a. m. It was asserted the increased attendance of Juniors and Seniors returning from dates would make this worth while. The plan would also put an end to complaints about the briefness of present services. The subject of an admission charge, inadvertently mentioned at the meeting, was shelved for future consideration.

**Mice Suggests Pictures
To Locate Lost Teachers**

**Would Replace Face on Barroom Floor
in Lehigh Memories**

A plan proposed by Captain Mice, of the Military department, to dispose of the eleven dollars and forty-two cents surplus discovered when the Bored of Trustees balanced their books this fall, has come to the attention of the Frown and Bite. It was learned that Captain Mice in a letter to the Bored suggested that the surplus be invested in a composite photograph of all the Flehigh professors now in active service.

The usefulness of such a photograph in locating lost Flehigh professors, illustrating text books and tabloid newspapers, and replacing in the hearts of Flehigh students, that well beloved face on the bar room floor, could not be measured.

A local photographer assured the Bored that for three percent of the yearly gross income of the Bethlehem Steel, such a photograph could be made. The price of good cameras make up most of this expense item, although there would be a slight, perhaps additional charge for material and labor. The proposal was formally discarded for what Captain Mice admits are unapparent reasons. Sic transit gloria mundi, or maybe it was Wednesday.

Bored of Control Balances Budget And Adds Planks

**Colossal Stadiums to Be Built
on Campus For New Sports**

**Theft of Shovel Will Be
Investigated by Condeen**

The Flehigh university Bored of Athletic Control, after hours of frenzied and gruelling budget balancing under the eagle eye of Chief Balancer Beturskin, tonight announced its decision to adopt seventeen new sports and five new planks. It was rumored in the office of Supervising Architect Snitzenberger as this paper went to press that the construction of the planks will be commenced as soon as English speaking carpenters are available.

The seventeen sports, with the exception of bridge which the Bored has decided to keep intermural in character, are to be instituted on a colossal scale. The construction of five new stadiums to care for paid admissions will be started at convenient points on the campus in the immediate future. The Bored is determined to make life at Flehigh just a bowl of spectators.

Credit for the Bored's adoption of this "millions for sports" policy is due largely to the untiring efforts of H. A. Eaglepass. Mr. Eaglepass has, however, refused to confirm a report that he will soon be obliged to discontinue his course at Flehigh. One of Mr. Eaglepass's colleagues is reputed to have said, "Nuts to you, Gran'ma," when told of the Bored's decision by that maternal relative.

The only comment to be elicited from the student representatives who attended the sessions of the Bored, was to the effect that someone had stolen the Bored's shovel. C. M. Condeen, one of the best known sleuths in the Flehigh Valley, has been employed by the University to investigate this informal charge.

**Employment Bureau Shows
New Low Level in Work**

The newly created work bureau, keeping in touch by direct wire with job marts the world over, reported today that although there was an increasing demand for bartenders, ice men and plumbers the leading jobs for college men had dropped from one to five points (below zero). The condition of the market was described as unsteady and subject to change without notice. Changes, however, are, in the main, for the worse.

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—Advt.

"Say Pard, the sheriff wants you fer that murder at Bernie's Gulch. Hev yuh got an alibi?"

"Shore. That was the day I shot Maverick Slim over in Tony's joint down t' Hell's Station."

—Columns.

—BURR—

She was only a preacher's daughter but I wouldn't put anything pastor.

—Malteaser.

—BURR—

RARE BULL

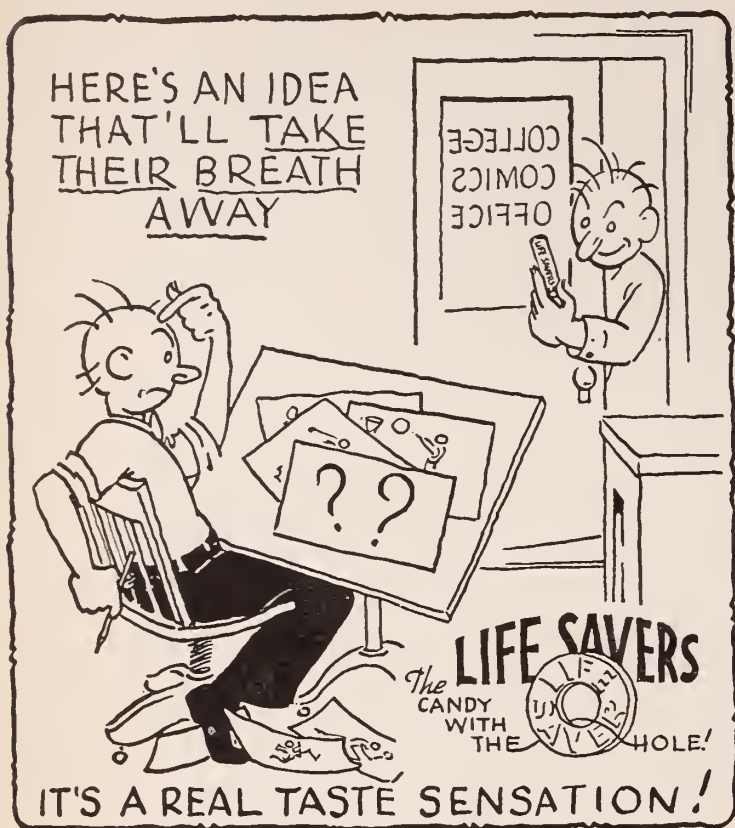
Three football stars went in a cafe to eat.

First Star: Give me a steak and make it thick and rare.

Second Star: Give me a steak and make it thicker and more rare.

Third Star: Just send the bull through and I'll bite him on the run.

—The Log.



(Continued from Page 14)

Gathering clouds cast their shadows before them in Snake's little drama. That over-ambitious young gentleman managed to quarter his charges in different rooms and then bribed the steward into seating them at widely separated tables for dinner; but, he couldn't prevent them from casting not too covert smiles at him and from directing subtly phrased familiarities towards him.

When he finally watched the girls proceed safely to their respective rooms and when he dashed upstairs to claim a shower before a standing army trooped to the bathroom, Frederick "Snake" Lippincott was sadly in need of a stimulant. He got it. As a matter of fact, he partook of so much restorative that he was roaring down the homestretch with all sails unfurled by the time he reached the Prom. A discriminating person might have called him inebriated. Not so Snake, himself, however. He was merely edged and he meant to do a little right and left handed snake charming tonight. If, because of serious complications, he wasn't able to have a date himself, there was little or no reason why he shouldn't paint himself into a couple of other pictures. After all, who saw those girls first? The answer reassured him.

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It took three full dances and an excess of strategy finally to get Pat outside and into Skid's car.

"Gee, honey, I hope you're having a good time. It was the toughest break I've gotten in years—not being able to have you here just for myself. You see how it is, though, the house president has to be a sort of master of ceremonies to see that everyone is having a swell time." Marvelous how well he could manipulate his tongue when his legs were so, so—well, bendy. Always did have that art.

"Maybe you shouldn't even be out here with me now." This with a coy glance.

"You know better than that, sweet. I'm going to be with you every minute it's possible. It's just as you said when we were dancing—Skid is a good apple but he doesn't understand you like I do. I understand you and I think you're swell. Let me taste that new lipstick, will you, Pat? What the devil did they ever name you Patience for? It doesn't fit you, dear."

No answer but plenty of unvoiced response. Two dances and an intermission, later, Snake made a triumphal re-entrance into the dance. This social guardian racket wasn't so bad. It had the advan-

(Turn to Page 28)

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(Continued from Page 26)

tages of diversified entertainment. True, it was rather uncomfortable at times; but—ha-ta-ta, he was coming along in great style. Now for Marianne.

Marianne wasn't so long in capitulating and the crowd was thicker. Skid's coupe was again advantageous. Nothing to it.

"Gee, honey, I hope you're having a good time. It was the toughest break I've gotten in years—not being able to have you here just for myself. You see how it is, though, the house president has to be a sort of master of ceremonies to see that everyone is having a great time." Where the devil had he heard someone else use this speech before? That stuff was befogging his memory. Better take less generous nips from now on.

"I'm not important enough to have you out here alone, Fred." A little less coyly. Sensible girl, Marianne.

"You know that's not true, precious. I'm going to be with you every single minute it's possible. You were right before—Gin's a good guy but he doesn't understand you like your ol' pal, Frederick. I know you and I think you're just too swell, Marianne. They oughtn't to have named you anything so or-

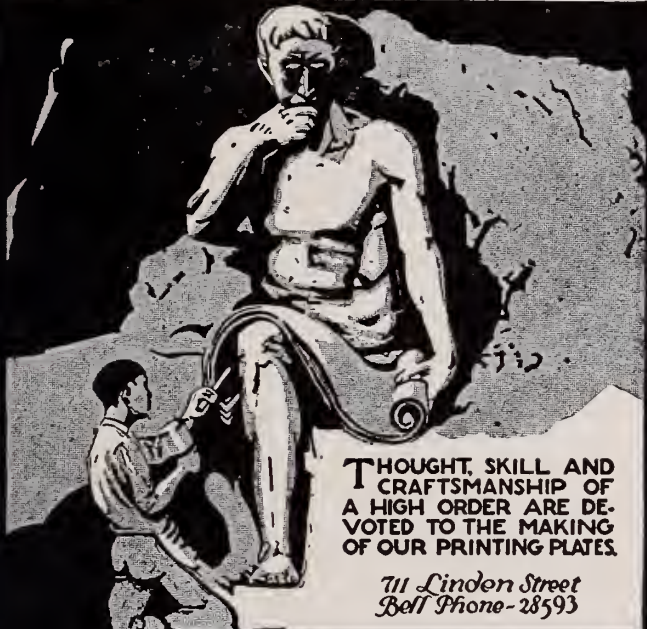
dinary as that. Lift your head, I feel a kiss coming on." What the devil was he doing—reciting something he'd read in a book? Sounded as familiar as the alma mater. Well, this was no time for deep thinking. Avaunt there, Snake!

The prom ended later with a final blare of dance rhythm and with Snake among those unavailable for further social service. Excessive stimulation had done its work well. It was eight hours, three cut classes, and two meals afterwards when the master strategist was awakened to cold reality again. Last minute dinner and dance arrangements prevented him from crawling into a corner and succumbing to a full grown hangover.

Before Snake had completed the preparations, the football enthusiasts arrived back at the house, bewailing the quietness of the campus tea dance and the size of the crowd at the Maennerchor. They immediately aimed a flow of sarcasms at Snake's lack of virile ruggedness and failed to turn off the rush of ironies until the victim slunk away soon after dinner in an effort to smell down some of the potent liquid with which he might fortify himself against further witticisms.

(Next page, please!)

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The search was an overwhelming success and when, two hours later, Snake marched grandly downstairs with his tie askew and his face red, he was kicking the gong around in no uncertain manner. He was just at the point where a wedding march would have caused him to shed gallons of tears and a funeral march would have sent him into spasms of laughter.

Someone else must have been sober, for Snake was soon upstairs, undressed, and under a shower where two uncompromising and unbribable frosh held him despite violent protestations and terrible threats. When his ordeal by water was over and he had been forced to drink huge quantities of tomato juice, Snake was again ready to go forth to do battle. He was now extremely reflective and dolefully serious. Something told him he was in love with at least two girls right at that particular moment and he intended to canvass his loves to learn which one appreciated him most. Might the best girl win!

Neither Marianne nor Pat was dancing but in a dark corner of the meeting room, he stumbled over Skid's feet and almost put his hand through Pat's face. He finally convinced Pat that he was right in the pink and more than capable of dancing. He

wasn't in the pink and he wasn't capable of dancing but he managed to stay on his feet until, finally—

"Come out on the side porch, darling. I've got the soft words of a newly discovered love to whisper into your cute ears." Glib as ever, by Hades. Right on the ball again tonight.

"I'll come but we mustn't stay long, Fred; Skids might get angry." Plainly hesitant; but Snake's artificial confidence hid that from him. He felt assured of a conquest so he led out his heart's desire with a grandiose air.

On a sequestered swing he turned loose his long range artillery. "Sweetheart, I've never been in love like this before. All those other affairs meant nothing in comparison with what I feel for you. Honey, for me, you're it." That ought to bring her down. Funny, though, how she hung her head. Overwhelmed, no doubt. She was going to speak. Get ready to close in on her.

"Fred, you know I think you're the swellest fellow I know and I sure do appreciate you're having me invited up here even when you were too busy to date me yourself; but,—er, eh, well, I guess I'm gone on Skids. You aren't angry with me, are you,

(Concluded on Page 31)

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(Continued from Page 19)

runners and we should finish second to Manhattan in the annual M. A. S. meet in New York.

HARRY AND HIS BOOTERS

Musn't go to press without a few words about Harry Carpenter and his poor little almost-neglected soccer team. Yes sir, Harry, you and the boys look good this year. You ought to have a banner year. It is true that you lost to Penn and Haverford, tied Cornell and that Lou Beyers fractured his leg, but then everyone has tough luck at times.

From what we have heard, it appears that you ought to have won the Penn game. The boys made all the tough shots and dubbed the "Gussies." However there is no use in having a post mortem on the opening games, let's talk about the ones to come.

Coach Carpenter is blessed with a wealth of seasonable material. Hammond, outside left; Herman, goal; and Wint Miller, outside left are the only let-terms not available. There are several of last year's substitutes who are filling in the gaps left by these men.

The team has entered a new intercollegiate soccer league and everything points to the most successful year that this sport has had in several years.

Every pilot should be required to take Calculus so that if his plane should start to disintegrate while in the air, he could integrate it.

—BURR—



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ALLENTOWN, PA.

(Continued from Page 29)

Fred? We're going to be just as good friends as ever, aren't we?"

Snake was down for ten times ten after that one. He slowly recovered his faculties and, with an effort that drained him of the remainder of his strength, threw himself back into the fray.

"Sure, that's all right, Pat. Might have known you'd go for Skids. Swell guy, Skids." Had this girl no code of ethics? He gets her up for houseparty and then she doublecrosses him with that snake-in-the-grass, Skids. Pretty low business, he called it. If he hadn't gone for her, himself, in such a big way, he wouldn't have minded; but as it was — oh, well, there was still Marianne. Thank heaven she had a sense of values. He'd always maintained that chasing after some women was like riding on a merry-go-round when no brass rings were being given out, and now he had his proof.

"Well, kid," magnanimously, "let's forget it and go in again. Skids will be looking for you." Marianne would be a relief after this silly child.

Marianne had to be pried from a corner but soon Snake was preparing to call his second private session to order and go on with the business of the evening.

"Marianne, in the last two days, I've gone completely goofy about you. Now that I think of it, there never has been anyone other than you who meant anything to me. I've fallen hard and I'm still going down. I love you, darling." Not bad and it seemed to be going across. Why, she had tears in her eyes. There certainly must have been plenty of sentiment in that speech.

"Gosh, Fred, this is tough. Of all my friends I have none whom I like better than you; but, Gin and I have—"

"Well I'll be damned."

"What was that? Where are you going."

"Where am I going? I'm going to send a wire to find out whether a little fool at a boarding school fell in love with the guy that fixed her window last week."

—THE END—
—BUBB—

We once went to a school where there was a certain snooping professor. One night as he was in the midst of a snoop a student sneaked up behind him and went, "MOO" like a cow. The professor was frightened and ran away. After that the boys called him, "MOO MOO" (SECRETLY), but that isn't all.

Wouldn't it be nice if someone would catch G. B. (dread the word)snooping, and make a noise like a bird and frighten him just a little? Then we could call him a bird (SECRETLY) like we sometime do (SECRETLY). Wouldn't it?



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1911

This dashing equestrian was much in evidence at the more fashionable horse shows of 1911. To the hard-riding set of today, his costume may appear just a trifle noisy—his collar just a bit too formal. But then he was the very “glass of fashion and mould of form”—as evidenced by the admiration of the Girl Friend. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

The well-dressed young man of 1932 wears the Arrow Gordon. An oxford shirt with a collar into whose fit have gone all the secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring over four billion collars. In white with either a plain collar or the button-down collar shown here, the Gordon is \$1.95. Its companion is the Trump. Of specially woven broadcloth, in white, stripes and plain colors, \$1.95.

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cuffs to the collar. An Arrow collar is the best-fitting, smartest-looking collar that ever graced a shirt. And it's the collar, you know, that makes or mars the style of a shirt—the part of a shirt that the world sees. Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars. When you're buying shirts, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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